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MINISTER'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Methodist Protestant.

ZEAL AND INDUSTRY IN THE MINISTRY.

Mr. Editor,—I have for a long time been deeply impressed with the vast difference, between the primitive Methodist Ministers and Preachers, and those of the present times. Mr. Wesley used to preach two, three, and even four times a day, not only on extraordinary occasions and on Sabbath days, but constantly. In the younger days of our contemporaries, it was usual for preachers to preach almost every day in the week, frequently twice a day, and preach well and efficiently, for many were, through their instrumentality, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and satan to God. Ministers did not only preach, but visited from house to house, administering to the spiritual wants and necessities of the people; praying with, advising and exhorting them to flee the wrath to come. Not unfrequently, they were very serviceable to the people in their worldly concerns, by seasonable counsel and advice. These were not the only commendable virtues in primitive Methodist preachers. They were punctual in fulfilling their appointments: a congregation was seldom disappointed; whenever the appointed hour rolled round, the preacher was at his post, ready to fulfill his duty.—The faithfulness of the preacher claimed and had a corresponding punctuality in regular hearers. Perhaps the congregations were not usually so large as those of some popular, modern preachers, but neither were they so unfrequent.

Now, I think I can account in some measure for the difference. It is but too apparent, that some of our modern preachers appear more anxious to render themselves popular, than useful. It is a hard matter to prevail on them to preach twice in a day, or to preach oftener than required by their stated appointments on a circuit. As to watch nights, prayer-meetings, &c. it is almost a novel thing to get them to appoint or hold them. The old, (and as I think admirable plan,) of praying and conversing in the different families, except at the family prayers, is quite forgotten. It appears to me, that they do not recollect that Methodism was extended, almost as much by visiting from house to house, as by preaching, and that our prayer meetings and watch nights are of incalculable advantage in the promotion and spread of Christian piety. I greatly fear that a want of industry and zeal in the preacher has been the cause why our borders have not spread more rapidly. Indeed the want of courage to bear hardness as good soldiers, is very evident.

Let it be distinctly understood, that I do not blame them for diligence in the prosecution of their studies: I do not, I commend them; but I do blame them for the reluctance to labour, in season and out of season, in the morning and in the evening, and at all times when sinners will hear and saints attend. This want of zeal is also one cause why the people are so reluctant in paying for the support of their ministers. Let the preacher evince a becoming industry, zeal and perseverance, and we shall almost certainly see a people corresponding with them. And let the people get lively and zealous, and they will pay their money freely, and the preachers will be amply supported without the least difficulty or trouble.

It may not be irrelevant here to relate a fact, known by some now living. In the year 1800 or 1801, (not having the minutes before me I do not distinctly recollect,) on Dover circuit; travelled a very laborious minister. He preached and was very useful. At the close of the conference year, I think he had upwards of thirty preaching places, and considerable increase of members; nor was there any want of friends to pay the

preachers. In the following year there was a good work and well attended by two industrious, zealous ministers. At the end of that conference year, after paying the preachers and all contingencies, there remained in the hands of the stewards, nearly three hundred dollars surplus. Thus every faithful minister may rely upon the Great Head of the church for support, if he will but work the work of a minister. R. C.

ON A MINISTER'S FAMILIAR INTERCOURSE WITH HIS HEARERS.

What passes on these occasions, too often savours of this world. We become one amongst our hearers. They come to church on Sunday; and we preach: the week comes round again, and its nonsense with it. Now if a minister were what he should be, the people would feel it. They would not attempt to introduce this dawdling, silly, diurnal chat! When we countenance this, it looks as though, "On the Sunday I am ready to do my business; and, in the week, you may do yours." This lowers the tone of what I say on the Sabbath. It forms a sad comment on my preaching.

I have traced, I think, some of the evil that lies at the root of this. We are more concerned to be thought gentlemen, than to be felt as ministers. Now being desirous to be thought a man who has kept good company, strikes at the root of that rough work—the bringing of God into his own world. It is hard and rough work to bring God into his own world. To talk of a Creator, and Preserver, and Redeemer, is an outrage on the feelings of most companies.

There is important truth in what Mr. Wesley said to his preachers, when rightly understood, however it may have been ridiculed:—"You have no more to do with being gentlemen, than dancing masters."

The character of a minister is far beyond that of a mere gentleman.

It takes a higher walk.

He will, indeed, study to be a real gentleman: he will be the farthest possible from a rude man: he will not disdain to learn nor to practise the decencies of society: but he will sustain a still higher character.

It is a snare to a minister when in company, to be drawn out to converse largely on the state of the funds, and on the news of the day. He should know the world, and what is doing in the world, and should give things of this nature their due place and proportion; but if he can be drawn out to give twenty opinions on this or that subject of politics or literature, he is lowered in his tone. A man of sense feels something violent in the transition from such conversation to the Bible and to prayer.

Dinner visits can seldom be rendered really profitable to the mind. The company are so much occupied, that little good is to be done. A minister should shew his sense of the value of time; it is a sad thing when those around him begin to yawn. He must be a man of business. It is not sufficiently considered how great the sin of idleness is. We talk in the pulpit of the value of time, but we act too little on what we say.

Let a minister who declines associating much with his hearers, satisfy himself that he has a good reason for doing so. If reproached for not visiting them so much as they wish, let him have a just reason to assign. A man who is at work for his family, may have as much love for them as the wife, though she is always with them.

I fell into a mistake, when a young man, in thinking that I could talk with men of the world on their own ground, and could thus win them over to mine. I was fond of painting, and so talked with them on that subject. This pleased them; but I did not consider that I gave a consequence to their pursuits which does not belong to them; whereas I ought to have endeavored to

raise them above these, that they might engage in higher. I did not see this at the time; but I now see it to have been a great error. A wealthy man builds a fine house, and opens to himself fine prospects: he wants you to see them, for he is sick of them himself. They thus draw you into their schemes. A man has got ten thousand pounds: you congratulate him on it, and that without any intimation of his danger or his responsibility. Now you may tell him in the pulpit that riches are nothing worth; but you will tell him this in vain, while you tell him out of it that they are

Lord Chesterfield says, a man's character is degraded when he is to be had. A minister ought never to be had.—*Cecil's Remains*.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Conclusion of an Address before the Pastoral Association of Massachusetts.

Our office is no ordinary one. We are ambassadors from the King of kings and Lord of lords to a revolted world. Never had men committed to them an embassy of such deep and everlasting moment. No work ever undertaken by mortals was so important, so solemn, or connected with such amazing consequences. Among all the thousands to whom we preach, not one but will take an impression from us that will never wear out. The fate of millions, through succeeding generations, depends on our faithfulness. Heaven and hell will forever ring with recited memorials of our ministry. And, oh! our own responsibility! There is for us no middle destiny. Our stake is for a higher throne of glory, or for a deeper hell. For, to say nothing of the souls committed to our care, our work leads to the altar. Our home is by the side of the shekinah. We have daily to go where Nadab and Abihu went, and to transact with Him who darted his lightning upon them. It is a solemn thing to stand so near that holy Lord God. Let us beware how, by unhallowed fervours, we bring false fire before the Lord. Let us not fail to devote to our work our best powers and unceasing application, consecrated by unremitting prayer. Any thing rather than careless preparations for the pulpit, and a sleepy performance in is. Forget your father, forget your mother, but forget not this infinite work of God.

Soon we shall appear, with our respective charges, before the judgment-seat of Christ. What a scene will then open between a pastor and his flock, when all his official conduct towards them shall be scrutinized, and all their treatment of him and his gospel shall be laid open—when it shall appear that an omniscient eye followed him into his study every time he sat down to write a sermon, and traced every line upon his paper, and every motion of his heart—and followed him into the pulpit; and watched every kindling desire, every drowsy feeling, every wandering thought, every reach after fame! Ah, my dear brethren, when you hear on the right hand the songs of bursting praise that you ever had existence, and on the left behold a company of wretched spirits sending forth their lament that you had not warned them with a stronger voice, will you not regret that all your sermons were not more impassioned, and all your prayers were agonizing? But what is that I see? A horrid shape, more deeply scarred with thunder than the rest, around which a thousand dreadful beings, with furious eyes and threatening gestures, are venting their raging curses. It is an unfaithful pastor who went down to hell with most of his congregation, and these around him are the wretched beings whom he decoyed to death. My soul turns away, and cries, Give me poverty, give me the curses of a wicked world, give me the martyr's stake; but, oh, my God, save me from unfaithfulness to thee and the souls of men!

[Christian Advocate.]

REVIEWER.

For the Methodist Protestant.
(No. IV.)

THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

Sixth Principle.—“The pastoral or ministerial office and duties are of Divine appointment; and all elders in the church of God are equal; but ministers are forbidden to be lords over God’s heritage, or to have dominion over the faith of the saints.”

The office and the duties of pastors or ministers, are of divine appointment. What is that office? What are those duties? We will first inquire what that office is *not*. It is not a priestly office. Priesthood is swept away from the christian church. “When we open the Old Testament, the priesthood, under its proper designation, and in some or other of its branches or engagements, lives and moves before us in almost every page; while one entire book, and a considerable portion of others, are occupied by the arrangement of its services. If, however, we open the New Testament, and search through it from beginning to end, we shall find, respecting the institution of an earthly priesthood for the christian church—not a word; the title of priest applied to designate any minister of the christian religion—not once; reference to priestly rites as discharged by one man for others—not once. That the writers of the New Testament employ no Levitical terms in their numerous references to the office and work of the christian ministry, will appear the more remarkable, when it is remembered, that they had themselves been educated in the bosom of the Jewish Church,—that their [earliest prepossessions] and religious associations were connected with the work of its priesthood,—and that on almost every other subject, Levitical analogies evidently presented themselves with spontaneous exuberance to their minds, and are most freely and beautifully recorded by their pens. It was only when writing upon that subject, if modern ideas be correct, these analogies might have been employed with most propriety and effect, that they can fully abstain from their use.”

On which one remarks: “Be it so; does it follow, because our Saviour is the source of every blessing and every hope, that there are no appointed channels through which their blessings commonly flow? Does it follow, because the Christian ministry is not the Levitical priesthood, that there is no body of men appointed to instruct the Christian church, to administer its rites, and to perpetuate this ministry by successive ordinations? This is the great point on which the church of England rests the fundamental claim of its ministry to their authority.” But “the uninterrupted succession is a fable.”

All the duties of Christianity are by divine appointment. One man cannot perform personal duties for another. A pastor cannot believe, nor obey for his flock—he has no works of supererogation. A pastor is a spiritual shepherd; his duty is to lead and minister to the flock.

Dr. A. Clarke in his note on Matt. xxiv. 45—says—“Here is an abstract of the duties of a minister of Christ. 1. He is appointed not by himself, but by the vocation and mission of his master. 2. He must look on himself not as the master of the family, but as the servant. 3. He must be scrupulously faithful and exact, in fulfilling the commands of his master. 4. His fidelity must ever be accompanied by wisdom and prudence. 5. He must give the domestics—the sacred families, their food; and this food must be such as to afford them true nourishment. And, 6. This must be done in its season. There are certain portions of the bread of life, which lose their effect by being administered out of proper season, or to improper persons.”

See what St. Paul says to Timothy: “I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap up to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. But watch then in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.” 2 Tim. iv. 1—5. *The pastoral and ministerial office and duties are of divine appointment.*

“All elders in the church of God are equal.” It is the highest order of ministry in our church, and all elders are equal in order. Yet are not they all equal in office—some being pastors, others not. But all elders have equal authority to administer the Lord’s Supper, to baptize, preach, visit the sick, and perform all other ministerial functions; the pastor has the immediate oversight.

“But ministers are forbidden to be lords over God’s heritage”—some say, however, that they are not forbidden to be rulers—to overrule. Now, in the margin of our English Bibles, on 1 Peter, v. 3. the translators read, “Neither as being overrulers over God’s heritage.” All ministers therefore, who overrule the church, are lords over God’s heritage in the sense of St. Peter. But they are forbidden, &c.

“It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast between the spirit his instructions breathe—who declared—“My kingdom is not of this world,” and that spirit of pride which has so often and so fatally prevailed in what has been denominated his church. Again and again, did Christ admonish his Apostles and other followers, to live as brethren and equals; not to affect a superiority over their fellow disciples, or over one another; inasmuch as in this, his kingdom should differ in its fundamental maxims from all the kingdoms of the world: that, that person alone would there be deemed the greatest, and he alone superior, who should prove the most serviceable to the rest. It was the end of his institutions to purify the heart, and his lessons were ever calculated to extirpate the seeds of evil that remained there. When the disciples privately contended among themselves who should be the greatest, he took occasion to warn them against ambition. Jesus calling to him a child, placed him in the midst of them and said, “Verily I say unto you, unless ye be converted,”—quite changed in your notion and conception of things—“and become as children, ye shall never enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall become humble as this child, shall be greatest there.” The same maxims were warmly inculcated by his apostles; and in their time, under the happy influence of their instructions, generally prevailed among christians.”

LAICUS.

PREACHER.

ON THE SIN OF COVETOUSNESS.

“And he said unto them, take heed and beware of covetousness.”—Luke xii. 15.

The Saviour of mankind, when he appeared in the world, appeared in the character of a servant. While, however, this was the case, there existed a general impression of his dignity and greatness. This is evident from the passage now under consideration, where we are informed that a certain person came to ask him to interfere in the distribution of certain property. But he did not come into the world for such a purpose; he came “to redeem Israel.” He might, certainly, have exercised his authority in the manner solicited; but it formed no part of his mission to mankind. He did not, however, let the opportunity escape him, which this incident afforded, of imparting instruction, but immediately embraced it for that purpose; and he here gives a lesson to his disciples who surrounded him which it would be well for us also to improve. “And he said unto them, take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possessest.”

In considering this portion of divine truth, with a view to our edification, we shall—

First, Endeavour to show in what covetousness consists.

It must be very obvious, to every reflecting mind, that the mere possession of wealth is not inconsistent with Christianity, any more than with the former dispensation. Abraham, Solomon, Josiah, and, in later times, Joseph of Arimathea, were distinguished for their extensive possessions. There were also wealthy persons in the Christian church; for there was no division of property beyond the precincts of Jerusalem; and even that arose from the peculiar situation of Christians at that period, which was a most disturbed and agitated one.—In fact, a desire to be possessed of wealth, with a view to provide for our wants, and those of our families who are dependant on us for support, is not only *not* covetousness, but is perfectly natural and right. Indeed the desire for riches can never be wrong when kept within the limits of benevolence and justice.

If there were no desire for wealth, there would be no need of it. It would soon cease to exist at all; and society would go back into a state of actual barbarism.

Covetousness is, then; the love of money, or of any wealth which is considered the standard of property.—It is, therefore, properly speaking, the love of money for its own sake—in distinction from the love of money on account of those things which it may procure, which is not covetousness.

For instance, if a man be engaged in war, he may desire to have wealth for the purpose of maintaining himself in arms. Caesar was such a person. But no one would say that his character was degraded by the love

of money. The desire for it, in his case, was entirely a subordinate emotion.

There is another class of persons who may be properly described as “lovers of pleasure.” They are constantly occupied in its pursuit. They will endeavor to accumulate wealth, and may appear to have set their hearts upon it. But pleasure is the ultimate object they have in view. They seek to acquire riches, not for their own sake, but as a means of procuring enjoyment.

When, however, men go farther than this, and settle down in the love of money for its own sake, without any regard for what it may procure for them, then they indulge the vice of which our blessed Lord, in the language before us, warns his disciples to beware. There is, perhaps, no such distinction as that we have specified, found in the Scriptures; but, in order to distinguish it from other vices, it must be confined within such limits, since, as we have before remarked, the desire of wealth is not criminal when kept within the bounds of benevolence and justice.

It may, indeed, appear a strange thing that a rational being should love money for its own sake. But it is an extraordinary instance of the infatuation of sin. If the power of gratification could keep pace with the accumulation of wealth, there would be some plea for its indulgence; the endeavour to gratify the desire might not, in such a case, be deemed unreasonable. But, as the power of gratification can only go to a certain extent, no such plea can be urged. It is, therefore a criminal and degrading propensity, and one which we cannot indulge without contracting great guilt. Our blessed Lord had good reason to warn his disciples of it, and to forbid its indulgence; and that the exhortation to beware of covetousness is equally deserving our serious attention, will appear from a variety of considerations, which,

Secondly, We proceed to adduce.

1. Consider its influence on the character. It has a tendency to *harden the heart*. The claims of benevolence will be perpetually coming in contact with this vice. It will, consequently, shut up the heart against all the addresses of pity; and continually encrust it with the frosts of selfishness. The love of money can never exist alone. He who desires wealth for its own sake will be strongly disposed to injustice. His integrity will be liable to perpetual concussions; it will be assailed by constant temptation, and always exposed to injury. The unjust balance, and the short weight, will be found in the possession of a covetous man. He will be ready to take advantage of the weakness or generosity of those who surround him. These habits of trifling with integrity will invariably harden the heart. If he be possessed of power, that power will be employed for bad purposes.—If he occupy a station of trust, that trust will be abused.

It also tends to *contract the understanding*. How can the love of truth have place in the mind of any man who regards money as the *greatest good*? He has no time to devote to the pursuit of knowledge. Without cultivation his mind will soon run to waste. He is chained down to one idea, and that the most barren of all. His understanding will soon become so rusted and contracted, that there will be none of those exercises of it on which all just views of difficult subjects depend.

The covetous man is also the *object of contempt*; such a man has no refuge from universal unpopularity, but in looking on his wealth. When a person obtains money for purposes of honour or power, the desire of it will soon subside; or, at least, as soon as the object is obtained. But, when he loves money for its own sake, the passion will grow, it will have no limits, and can never be entirely satisfied.

2. Consider its effect on *our happiness*. The epithet “miser” is applied to one who loves money. Its original signification is *miserable*. This will be found, in a greater or less degree, to be a correct description of the state of every covetous man.

Those who know any thing of happiness, know full well that it arises chiefly from the social state; from reciprocity of feeling, mutual dependence, and sympathy.

The avaricious is, however, an entire stranger to the happiness derived from these sources. He knows nothing of them. He is almost ignorant of their existence. He is a solitary being. He stands alone. What a miserable state of mind must that be which makes a man a stranger to all the charities of life! He desires to acquire, not to enjoy. He can never say that he has attained his end. This is the extremity of wretchedness and misery.

In any country where Christianity has been made known, every man who possesses wealth must feel that he is responsible for its use. Not only is an avaricious man cut off from all the best gratifications of our nature, but, when the light of religion dawns on his spirit for a moment, the presence of God, the Judge of all, calling him to an account for not using his talents, must be unspeakably awful and terrific!

Man was born for society. He was never intended to exist alone. He is attracted to his fellow man by common principles of sympathy and regard. It is manifest, therefore, that he cannot discharge the duties of the social condition when he has no love for his fellow-creatures. But the love of money extinguishes this emotion; for how can it exist where *that is the predominant principle?* Covetousness is a vice that not only hardens the heart, and contracts the understanding, but it dries up the streams of benevolence and charity, and totally unfits a man for the social state.

3. Consider it in connexion with death and eternity.—No individual of the human family is exempt from death. It is a debt which all must pay. Death is a most formidable foe. His power is irresistible—his attack cannot be repelled, nor can we elude his pursuit. Money can procure you no shelter from the terrible adversary. You cannot bribe the king of terrors; you cannot purchase a covenant with the grave. If the bribe were offered it would be spurned, if the covenant could be made it would be broken. Death will strip you of all your possessions. He will be alike regardless of their glory and their extent.

But how awful is the condition of a covetous man in relation to futurity! God is the supreme good; and his favour and service should be esteemed the highest good and end. But the covetous man makes *money* his supreme good, and its acquisition the chief end of his being. He puts it, therefore, in the place of God. He becomes an idolater; and, in a future world, will have his portion with murderers and liars, “in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone!”

If there be a word of truth in the New Testament, some preparation is necessary for a future state. But what leisure has an avaricious man to prepare for eternity, when every moment of his time that can be spared, from the seasons allotted to refreshment and repose, is occupied in the pursuit of wealth, and the energies of his mind entirely bent on its acquisition?

Can the love of an infinite being have any place in his bosom? Can there be any delight in God, when all his moral perfections are in direct opposition to his degrading and criminal passion? Can there be any aspirations after heaven, any desire or relish for its pleasures and pursuits, or any efforts made to lay up treasure there, when the whole soul is fixed on the accumulation of riches in the present state? Can a man love God or worship his Maker, when he adores an earthen idol, and bows down at its feet? Nothing can be more opposite than these courses of action; and nothing more contrary to another than the happiness of heaven and the love of money. In short, to use the emphatic and impressive language of Scripture, “*the love of money is the root of all evil.*”

The indulgence of this sinful propensity deprives a man not only of present happiness, but of future felicity. Are there any covetous persons in the present assembly? Are there any such here? Then remember that the very earth disowns you, society expels you from its bosom; enshrouded as you are by the darkness of your selfishness, the rays of humanity do not light upon you; much less can the beams of that glory, in which the Deity resides, ever illumine or cheer your solitary and desolate spirits!

Remember that you must shortly appear before the tribunal of God. There you will have to render your final account. A God of justice and truth, a Being of mercy and goodness, will try your actions. When you stand in his presence you will be divested of all the circumstances which wealth commands, and appear before him in the naked simplicity of your moral character.—How unprepared, then, will you be to sustain that investigation, or the scrutiny of his eye, who have made money your God, and lived and died in the neglect of “the authority of the blessed and only Potentate!”—[HALL.]

REINFORCEMENT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The following Missionaries, says the N. Y. Evangelist, were expected to embark at New Bedford, on Wednesday last week, in the ship Averick, Capt. Swain, viz:

Rev. Messrs. Wm. P. Alexander, Richard Armstrong, Cochran Forbes, Harvey R. Hitchcock, Lorenzo Lyons, John S. Emerson, Ephraim Spalding, and David B. Lyman; Dr. Alonzo Chapin, and Mr. Edmund H. Rogers.—All, except the last, have their wives with them—he is unmarried. The whole band consists of nineteen persons, eight of whom are ordained missionaries, one a Physician, one a Printer, and nine females. Of the missionaries, three were educated at the Theological Seminary in Princeton, two at that in Auburn, and three at that in Andover. Of the whole nineteen, one was from the state of Kentucky, three from Pennsylvania, one from New Jersey, four from New York, one from Connecticut, five from Massachusetts, two from New Hampshire, and two from Vermont.

ESSAYIST.

For the Methodist Protestant.
(NUMBER XIII.)

Mr. Editor,—Having taken a view of the powers and duties of a Bishop of the old church, and a President in the Methodist Protestant Church; and shown from the discipline of both communities that a bishop exercises more authority and possesses more power than one of our Presidents, nay more than one of our Annual Conferences,—it will now be in order to propose two questions, to wit:—

1. “How is a bishop (of the Methodist Episcopal Church) constituted?”

A. “By the election of the General Conference, and the laying on of the hands of three bishops, or at least of one bishop and two elders.”—See dis. M. E. Church, page 24.

2. “How is a President of the Methodist Protestant Church constituted?”

A. “The President of each Annual Conference shall be elected by the ballot of a majority of the members of the Conference.”—See Constitution, page 26.

Here it is seen that on the one hand, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church is chosen *exclusively* by the travelling preachers, (for no local minister or lay-member is permitted to have a seat in “the General Conference,” or to partake either directly or indirectly in its deliberations and enactments,) while on the other, the Presidents of our Annual Conferences are chosen by their respective bodies, which assemblies are “composed of one delegate from each circuit and station for each of its itinerant ministers.”—(See Constitution, page 20.)

But we are told that the itinerant ministers of the old church are the only persons immediately interested in the selection of a Bishop. And why? “Because the Bishops possess the power to appoint the ministers and their families to any circuit or station they please.”—True; but has he not also the power to appoint a minister to labour in a section of the work where the people have strong and insuperable objection to the appointment? If then the itinerant ministers of the old church claim the right of electing their bishops, upon the ground of submitting themselves unqualifiedly to their appointment; so the people may urge the same reason, why they should have an equal voice and vote in said election,—for they are as unqualifiedly bound on their part to abide the decision of the bishops, as the preachers themselves.

Besides, there are other and very grave reasons why the people should be consulted in *these matters*. It will be found by a reference to the powers and duties of these men, that they are more particularly concerned in the selection of these officers, inasmuch as they are appointed “to oversee the temporal and spiritual business of the church.” Now it must be conceded, that the New Church has the decided preference in this particular.—While the bishops of the old church are elected *only* by the travelling preachers,—the Presidents of the new church are elected by the concurrence and vote of the laity and ministry.

There is another important fact connected with this subject, that ought not to be lost sight of,—that is, the manner of inducting these two officers into their official relations to the church. A President of the new church is elected by the Conference, and takes his seat as the executive officer of the church, without any of that pomp and parade associated with the appointment of a bishop of the old church. The latter must not only be “elected by the General Conference,” but also “the laying on of the hands of three bishops, or at least one bishop and two elders.” Why all this mummery and show? Who created the first Methodist Bishops, Coke and Asbury? Reader, start not when we tell you they were *self-constituted*. Mr. Wesley set them apart as “Superintendents,” but they thought the word “Bishop” more appropriate. The Rev. Jesse Lee, in his history of Methodism, a book published under the direction of the Book Agents and sent forth under the authority and auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells us:—In the course of this year (1787) Mr. Asbury reprinted the general minutes, but in a different form from what they were before. The title of this pamphlet was as follows:—

“A form of Discipline for the Ministers, Preachers, and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; considered and approved at a Conference held at Baltimore, in the state of Maryland, on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1784,—in which the Rev. Thos. Coke, L. L. D. and the Rev. Francis Asbury presided.—Arranged under proper heads, and methodized in a more acceptable manner.” “This (says Mr. Lee,) was the first time that our superintendents gave themselves the title of bishops in the minutes. They changed the title

themselves without the consent of the conference; and at the next conference, they asked the preachers if the word *bishop* might stand in the minutes, seeing that it was a scriptural name and its meaning the same with that of superintendent. Some of the preachers opposed the alteration and wished to retain the former title, but a majority of the preachers agreed to let the word *bishop* remain.” Lee’s history of Meth. p. 121. Let the reader carefully peruse the “History and Mystery of Methodist Episcopacy, by Rev. A. McCaine, and he will soon see that Mr. Wesley opposed this state of things always—that it was introduced by a piece of artifice on the part of Messrs. Coke & Asbury—and that it has been a fruitful source of strife to that community from its commencement to the present.

Mr. Wesley, as before observed, set them apart as “superintendents” in full expectation of continuing his authority over them as formerly—but they soon set up for themselves. In this we blame them not. If Mr. W. had not been enthusiastically fond of power he would have been content to rule with unlimited sway the English Methodists, and never have desired to extend it to the Methodists in this country.

But to return. Why must a Methodist Bishop be constituted such by “the laying on of the hands of *three* bishops, or at least by *one* bishop and two elders?” The first bishops of that church were not constituted thus. And why require that *now*, which was not *then* deemed essential and important. In these days of olden Methodism—the “sons” believed, as the “fathers,” that “the titles Bishops and Presbyters were synonymous and used as such in the first ages. So no plurality of ordinations was discoverable in the first century, whereby the presbyter was translated into a bishop: for although a ruling presbyter, or pastor, was appointed in each church from amongst the presbyters, yet no ordination appears to have been then used, but this appointment was probably effected by the electing voice of the community, without the aid of any further ordination.” See Wesley’s church history. There appears to be no certain evidence of the re-ordination of presbyters until sometime in the third century. And Ephraim of Carthage, and Cornelius of Rome, afford perhaps the first instances of its being evidently practised. We would suggest to the General Conference of the old church, which is to have its sitting in Philadelphia next May, the expediency of so altering their rule in relation to the episcopacy, as to make it lawful to create a bishop by the “laying on of the hands of two elders” alone, for if all their bishops in the interval of a General Conference *were to die*—or be expelled—or withdrawn—they will be placed in an *awkward* plight; seeing no other Christian community acknowledges their Bishopric to be other than a suspicious one—and seeing furthermore that Dr. Coke made an unsuccessful attempt in his day to be re-ordained by the church of England, a bishop, and was refused, being left to die with his doubts upon this subject—for he would believe and say no farther than that “*Mr. Wesley did invest him with EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY AS FAR AS HE HAD A RIGHT SO TO DO.*”

VERITAS.

RELIGIOUS.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

No evidence of the effects of a real principle of religion, appears to me less equivocal than the tranquillity it produces. Under the severest pressure of distress, the Christian exhibits that calm and genuine fortitude which the world can neither counterfeit nor disturb.—There is a *a reality in the patience which God bestows*, a superiority, an innate and benign virtue, which allays the tumults of passion, softens the asperities of disappointment, and diffuses over the mind a divine and infallible peace. This patience of Christianity is not to be confounded with the silence of one who is ignorant, or the acquiescence which springs from despair. It is removed alike from a *proud contempt of trouble*, and a *tame unmeaning insensibility*. It is something real and substantial. It is the sober and enlightened grace of the renewed heart. It corresponds with the scriptures, and derives from that correspondence the best evidences of its truth.

Of this heavenly virtue the Holy Spirit is the *only* source; and it is produced, under his influence, by the concurrence of suitable and efficient motives. Amongst these motives, the principal is, a *genuine love to the Redeemer*. All arguments not immediately drawn from the power, and grace, and unspeakable love of the Redeemer, are weak and impotent. But let the example and mercy of the Lord Jesus be displayed; remind the afflicted Christian of the apostle, and High-Priest of his profession, and you warm, you animate, you rouse all the affections of his soul; afflictions lose their sting, diseases their anguish, and the fainting sufferer rejoices

under every sorrow, and glories in a conformity to his Lord. An ardent attachment to a crucified Redeemer, has done more to alleviate distress than all the proud attempts of man, where this grand point has been overlooked. God has determined to glorify his Son Jesus.—Take Christ from the afflicted believer, and you remove the foundation from the edifice—it sinks with its own weight. If true patience is to be found, it is in the man who has made the Saviour his hope, who has committed into his hands all his concerns, and learns from a suffering and dying master, to take up his cross daily, and press onward toward heaven.

The Redeemer being thus kept in view, other considerations derive from him an efficacy and importance. The Christian has been taught the fallacy of all earthly hopes, and has been led to consider afflictions as the inseparable attendants on sincere piety. When trouble therefore arrives, it is less oppressive, because foreseen. The benefits which it is the means of producing, tend much to alleviate its weight. By afflictions his sanctification is advanced, the reality of his love and devotedness manifested, the power of the Saviour, in communicating support, is displayed. In seasons of distress the heart is subdued, the affections are weaned, the consolations of religion experienced, the vanity of the world discovered, this state rendered burdensome, the next infinitely to be desired. Here the sufferer learns to contemplate the shortness of time even at its longest period, and the nearness, the certainty, the matchless glories of eternity: nor does he forget that the severest trials are light, if estimated by the punishments he has deserved; and the heaviest afflictions nothing, if compared with the bitter sufferings, the excruciating agony, the inconceivably ignominious death, of the Son of God.

Considerations of this nature, connected with a sincere love of the Redeemer, and deriving from his grace all their virtue, have a direct tendency to promote a truly genuine patience. They tranquillize the mind, and leave upon the spirits that holy and amiable resignation, that complacency with the Divine will, that composure under every trouble, which forms the duty and the ornament of the Christian character. The world may promise, pleasure may allure, sin may flatter, and Satan be unwearied in his deceits; but neither the world, nor pleasure, nor sin, nor satan, can produce that heavenly patience which Christ can administer; and which, when bestowed, their combined malice can never weaken or destroy.

ASKING A BLESSING AT MEALS.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31.

The partial acknowledgment of the divine goodness in the provision of our table, is a truth too obvious to be questioned, and has been deplored by many. In no instance, perhaps, more than in this, where duty is concerned, does the practice of Christians differ; some families imploring a blessing at all their meals; others omitting the morning and afternoon; and many, the afternoon only. Why one meal should be considered more worthy than another, is what has not yet been explained. Is it because we are under greater obligations to God for the provisions received at those times? or, because our morning and afternoon meals are of our own procurement? Such a thought is instantly rejected; the universal belief of Christians is, that "every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights," and certainly demands our gratitude and acknowledgments. The evil complained of, perhaps, originates in one of these two causes,—inconsideration or shame.

1. *Inconsideration.*—Those who neglect soliciting a blessing at any particular time, cannot surely live under the impression that every meal of which they participate is the actual bestowment of God, and an expression of his fatherly care and munificence. However their judgments be informed "that all things are of God," their conduct is greatly defective and inharmonious. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

2. *Shame* may be assigned as another cause of the neglect. Many Christians, through a sinful compliance with worldly customs, or to avoid singularity, although they habitually perform the duty, omit it when they receive strangers at their table, sometimes alleging (for want of a better plea) they are commanded "not to cast pearls before swine." But is this consistent with their character as a peculiar people? Are not those worldly imitations, in effect, an attempt to fill up that great gulf, which God has placed to prevent a criminal intimacy between his people and the world? Where is our peculiarity, if our practice be the same? We are commanded to "do all to the glory of God;" but are we not thus affording a proof that we are influenced by "the fear of man, which worketh a snare?" Is it coming out from the world and being separate?

If a sanction be required, behold the example of our Lord and Master, when feeding the multitudes; see him at Emmaus, Luke xxiv. 30: read the motto of this paper; attend to the conduct of the apostle Paul, Acts xxvii. 35; and observe, particularly, the precision of the evangelist John: "They did eat bread after that the Lord had given thanks," John vii. 23. Such an acknowledgment reminds us of our *dependance* upon God; that it is he who "prepares our table, and makes our cup run over." It becomes frequently a clue to serious conversation, and is some proof of our desire to honour and acknowledge him in all our ways. On the other hand, an *emission* is a tacit declaration of our ingratitude.—More need not be added: a word to the wise is sufficient: we live in a day characterised, not so much by *doctrinal* as *practical* errors. Believers in Jesus, remember, ye are a devoted and *peculiar* people. Ye ministers of Christ, set for the defence and honour of the gospel, promote among your flock active piety, "reprove, rebuke, exhort."

G.
authorities in the city of Baltimore a few years ago, brought into the district conference nine or ten coloured men, and made, or permitted them to vote with the white preachers—the object of which vote was, to dissolve said conference, and break it up forever, and which was accordingly done.

The above rule, so obnoxious, and highly exceptionable to local preachers in the middle and southern states, hung as a galling yoke upon the neck of brother J—, long before he left the church. At length, being tired of the degradation to which this rule subjected him—and anticipating no relief from its galling pressure, he formed the manly and praiseworthy determination to break the yoke from off his neck, and be free; and accordingly he seized it with a vigorous grasp, tore it asunder, and cast it off forever.

Already have secedent brethren made arrangements to get up a meeting house; and knowing well as I do, their enterprising character, I venture to predict, that the house will be up, as soon as men and money can get it up. It will be built after the model of Wesley Chapel.

Very respectfully,

RICHARD LATTIMORE.

EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

Prince William Circuit, Nov. 28, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—Attending my appointment at Brentsville a few days past, I received the following well authenticated account, which, if you see fit, you can insert in your useful periodical:

On Monday, 21st inst. Charles Percell and his son Hugh, after having been drinking at Brentsville, (Prince William Court-house,) till they were both drunk, left that place to go home, a distance of about three miles, carrying a jug of spirit with them. After proceeding about half way, the son took the jug from his father; went home and left him to perish in the frost and snow. On returning next morning to the place where he had left him, he was found stiff and dead!!! The son was between 30 and 40 years of age.

Three weeks previous to this, Wm. Hickson, an old man between 60 and 70 years of age, was drowned in Broad run, near the same place, on his return from Brentsville, being also Drunk! Yours, &c.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

For the Methodist Protestant.

NEW YORK.

New York, Dec. 2d, 1831.

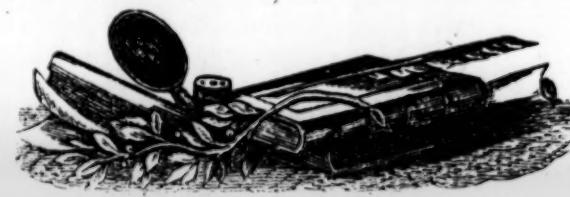
Brother Harrod,—I cheerfully comply with your request, and am gratified that I have it in my power to communicate good tidings.

1st. None have withdrawn from the Methodist Protestant Church in this city, but we have lately had some very respectable accessions from the Methodist Episcopal Church, who are already very useful to us.

2d. Our congregations have not diminished, but have been steadily increasing for the last two years. We now have the following places of worship:—Sullivan St. church, which is situated in the western part of the city, is a good substantial brick building, seventy by forty-two—was built without galleries. This house has been of late so thronged, that frequently it would not contain the congregation. We are now enlarging it, by raising the wall, and constructing a gallery.

Our second house is in Attorney St. on the eastern side of the city—was built last year of brick, sixty by forty-two, with galleries, and is finished throughout. This house is generally filled on Sabbath evenings, and is well attended throughout the day.

Our third church has heretofore been known, as the Hall of Science. It was originally built for a Baptist society, and will seat about 1100 persons. It is situated in Brown St. at an equal distance from other churches. It is undoubtedly the best location that we could have made. We purchased it of Robert Dale Owen and the celebrated Frances Wright, who is well known for her great exertions in this country to destroy the Christian religion. This place has been rendered famous on account of the debates held in it, in which the speakers have by declamation and sophistry endeavoured to convince their auditors, that the Christian religion was a fable,—that our blessed Redeemer was an impostor. We were obliged to consent, when we purchased it, that the sceptics should continue to occupy it on Sunday evenings until the first of May next, and also retain till the same time, two rooms in the building; in one of which the Free Enquirer is issued, the other being occupied



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1831.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

VIRGINIA.

Brunswick county, Va. Nov. 25, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote you some few weeks ago from this county, informing you, that we had organized a society of 25 members at a new meeting house, called Wesley Chapel. Since then, we have added seven other members to that class, four or five of whom have lately seceded from the old side society, at the "Olive Branch." And I am happy to inform you, that some very important secessions have also taken place in another neighborhood, eight or ten miles distant. Dr. S— and all his family have lately withdrawn from the old side class, at "Woolsey's Barn." The Dr. has been class-leader there for more than 20 years. I have the pleasure further to inform you, that the Rev. Wm. J—, and wife, have also seceded: and they too were in class at Woolsey's Barn. These brethren have all joined society at Allen's church. All this has made a great noise in these parts; and well it may. Those brethren were not only members, but pillars of long and respectable standing in the old episcopal building. For many years they supported, by their time, talents, money and influence, that extensive fabric; but now they belong to, adorn and beautify, the new "Protestant edifice, which is rising fast into notice, and which bids fair to be a very beautiful, though plain and simple superstructure. The accession of those brethren and their families to our infant Zion at this time, will no doubt help our cause exceedingly.

Brother J— is a minister of about eighteen years standing, and was once in the travelling connexion.—While a circuit preacher, he was very useful and highly acceptable, and since his location, has been equally so. His labors of love have been very abundant. Indeed, his industry as a preacher is almost proverbial, and his praise has been, and ought still to be, in all the churches. Long did he hesitate in reference to withdrawing from the Church. Longer did he linger in, cling to, and fondle upon the lap of his mother. He loved her well and hated to part with her, and nothing but the sacred love of liberty, and adherence to principle, induced him to do so. Long did he cherish the hope, that she would be induced to pursue a just and generous policy towards him and other local brethren, in recognizing their right to representation. But alas! such hope was vain. Instead of this, she bound heavy burdens upon him and them, which she would touch with not one of her fingers. She decreed, that her coloured sons should have all the privileges with her white children, in the district and quarterly conferences. This very offensive statute may be found on the last page of her newly printed book of discipline. Let us look at it. It reads thus: "Our coloured preachers and official members shall have all the privileges which are usual to others in the district and quarterly conferences, where the usages of the country do not forbid it." And it was under the sanction and by the provisions of this act, that the church

by them, for a book store. On the first of May, they are to give us full possession.

Our meetings in this place have been unusually solemn and interesting, and we have reason of gratitude that sinners have been awakened and converted to God. In a recent love feast in the house, which was exceedingly well attended, we were favoured with a delightful sense of the presence of God. It was a soul-refreshing time. Our congregations in this house are not large, but are increasing.

Third, We have four Sabbath-schools; three white, and one coloured. We are at peace among ourselves. Our temporal concerns are all under one board of trustees. We have but one interest, one purse. Our worthy brother, Rev. D. E. Reese, has the charge, assisted by Mr. Thomas and our unstationed preachers. We are confident that we shall continue to prosper.

Yours, &c.

D. AYRES.

P. S. The Methodist societies in Jersey city, Bergen and Brengen Point, have recently united with us: at each place they have a good church.

D. A.

For the Methodist Protestant.

CAMP MEETINGS.

Corington, Newton county, (Geo.) Nov. 22, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—We have had three camp meetings since I wrote you last; a short account of which I here subjoin, as I presume you have not heard from them.

The first was held in Stewart county, Ga. which commenced on the 15th September. At the commencement of the meeting, the weather was extremely unfavorable; and consequently there were but few people on the ground for the three first days. But, notwithstanding, the Lord was there in mercy and power. There were but four preachers on the ground during the meeting—and their labours were consequently very hard—but the Lord was with them in the demonstration of his spirit and power. There were not as many conversions at this meeting as we could have desired. But there were as many pungent convictions, as I have ever known, for the number of people. It was in a new and thinly settled part of the state, and the societies are small; therefore we had but few official members to assist in carrying on the prayer meetings. A door was opened three times during the meeting for the reception of members, at which twenty-four came forward and gave in their names for membership in the Methodist Protestant church.

The second commenced in Newton county, on the 6th of October. This was a most excellent meeting—there were many conversions—and some of the most powerful I have ever witnessed. The weather was very unfavorable the principal part of the time, being both rainy and cold. But, nevertheless, the God of Israel was with us, and his Angels encamped round about us. There were no extraordinary means used to get members to join, a door being opened but once during the meeting, and that on the last night, when the congregation had in a great measure dispersed, the meeting having continued one day longer than was contemplated at the commencement. Many of the converts were gone when the door was opened, but, notwithstanding, twenty-three came forward and joined the church.

The third commenced in De Kalb county, on the 20th October. This latter was a better meeting than either of the former. The weather was fine, and the Good Lord was pleased graciously to pour out his spirit in copious effusions on the people. There were, as I have been informed, upwards of forty conversions, and thirty-six joined the church. I was not at this meeting, being confined to my bed with a fever. Therefore I cannot give the particulars respecting it. Among the subjects of divine grace, at these meetings, were the old, middle aged, and young. I think I can with safety say, that, at the three meetings, there were rising of one hundred conversions. Our cause is rising—we have lately received two excellent preachers. But we have some sorrow mixed with our joy. One of our faithful and ardent preachers, has since the last camp above noticed, gone from his suffering and labour, to the enjoyment of reward with the blessed—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. His death was caused, probably, by his indefatigable exertions at said camp meeting. O, that the Lord may supply his place, to us, with another—for we shall greatly feel his loss.—Truly yours, in the bonds of Gospel freedom,

AARON G BREWER.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

By the last Oxford Calendar, it appears that the total number in that University is 5,258, and in Cambridge 5,332; being a majority of 74 members. The increase in the latter University, since last year, is 69.

OBITUARY.

We regret exceedingly, that the following notice by some accident, was mislaid. We hope the brother who wrote it will excuse us.

For the Methodist Protestant.

GEORGIA, JACKSON Co., Nov. 10th, 1831.

Dear Brother,—It is with much regret, that I communicate to you the painful intelligence of the death of our much esteemed brother and minister, CHARLES WETHERSPOON. I visited him on Friday last, and found him greatly prostrated with a bilious fever; but not without hopes on my part that he might recover. On my return from a two days meeting held in Walton county, on Saturday and Sunday last, and before I reached home, heard that he was better; but to my sad disappointment found that he was no more.*

In the loss of this, able and zealous friend to religious liberty, we have much to deplore, and are only consoled by the assurance, that our loss is his infinite gain. As a neighbour he was much esteemed; as a husband greatly loved; leaving a wife, and (I think) three small children to bewail, what appears to us, a mysterious providence. I wrote this communication in considerable haste, looking for the mail to pass in a few minutes, and believing that many of his connections and friends may be sooner apprised of the lamentable fact through your useful paper, provided you can give it a place in your next number.

Your brother in Christ.

W. PENTECOST.

*He died last Monday morning a little before day.

NARRATOR.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

Too little attention is ordinarily paid to the tokens of Divine Providence. Though the Lord often speaks to man in visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on him, yet is he inattentive and reckless. The following narrative illustrates the truth of our remark:—

"Mr. Tyerman preached in the morning of July 29th, 1821, when we were sailing off Cape Horn, from Psalm cxxi. 4: 'Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.' At the close of his discourse he mentioned the following circumstance:—Yesterday was the anniversary of a great and very remarkable deliverance which I experienced in the year 1793. At that time I was intimate with several young men as gay and trifling as myself; and we frequently spent our Sabbath in pleasure on the Thames. Early in the week, on the occasion referred to, I and four others had planned a Sunday party down the river: to make the most of it, we agreed to embark on Saturday afternoon, and proceed to Gravesend. On Friday night, when I lay down to rest, a transient misgiving, whether it was right so to profane the Sabbath of the Lord, gave me a little uneasiness; but I overcame the mortuary feeling, and fell asleep. On Saturday morning, when I awoke, the thought again came upon me, but again I resisted it, and resolved to meet my companions in the afternoon. I was about to rise; but while I mused, I fell asleep again, and dreamed. I thought myself in a certain place, whither divine Providence had often led me at this season of my life. Here a gentleman called me to him, saying that he had a letter for me, which I went to receive from his hand. When I reached him, he had opened the enclosure, and appeared to be reading the contents. I imagined then that I looked over his shoulder, and perceived that the letter was closely written; but a pen had been drawn through every line, and had obliterated all the words. Wondering what this could mean, I was going to take hold of a letter, when a large black seal presented itself to my sight, and so startled me, that forthwith I awoke, with this sentence upon my mind, 'You shall not go!' Though I had never been in any way superstitious regarding dreams, this so affected me, and the words, 'You shall not go,' seemed so perpetually sounding in my ears, and haunting my imagination, that I determined to be obedient, and not go; persuaded that some evil would befall me if I did, I spent that day, and the two following, in great anguish and anxiety, expecting hourly to hear something that would explain the presentiment. No tidings, however, arrived till Tuesday morning, when I read in a newspaper the following paragraph:—Last Sunday, in the afternoon, as a boat with four young gentlemen, a waterman, and a boy, belonging to Mr. ——, of Wapping, was coming up the river in Bugsby's hole, a little below Blackwall, a gust of wind upset the boat, and all on board perished. That was the identical boat in which I was to have embarked. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I read the paragraph again and again. There it was, and there it

remained, speaking the same words. I cannot express the horror and consternation of my mind. I was constrained to exclaim, 'This is the finger of God! Who am I that God should in so wonderful a manner interpose for my deliverance! What a warning to Sabbath breaking! What a call to devote myself to the Lord and his service! A warning which I took, and a call which I humbly hope I was thenceforward enabled to obey. 'For God speaketh once, yea, twice; yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth upon man, in slumberings upon the bed: then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing.'—(Job xxiii. 14, 18.)—*Tyerman and Bennet's Voyages and Travels.*

THE FISHERMAN.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven,—the sky and the earth was as tranquil, as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world,—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and it may be added, justly, "the garden of England," upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning on his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his farther in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boatcloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group,—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man; "good luck, and safe home again, John: ye want no more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking: but ye may as well take mine too,—God bless ye, and good bye to you."

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlour, while the younger was preparing their breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father: "Father, go out to the hillock, and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home."

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbour had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

"God grant it!" said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety,—"He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary; and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household soon assembled to the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope, except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father.—The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ay," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"—And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best,—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some sea-weed to manure the potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernable at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hollering and exclaiming that the painter was loose. He rushed instantly towards the boat which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavouring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could, to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock; it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was labouring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head: Still, he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey;—soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his

father—it was for blessings on him that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head; his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers!—at the very moment, when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher—that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt-sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed: he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth—"O God, be merciful."—The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver!

Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life.

Now homeward, homeward! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing; in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it is impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few minutes, they could clearly perceive a man at the bow waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome, welcome," of his father, and the almost inarticulate "thank God" of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—"Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning,—

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God."

S. C. HALL.

BIBLE SOCIETY.

We learn, from a circular just handed to us, that ninety-five auxiliary societies have expressed their wish that no innovation be made on the original constitution of the parent society. Five only have recommended, that the subject be reconsidered.—*Imp. Mag.*

MISCELLANY.

ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN PULPITS.

To a certain extent it may be presumed that the Pulpit of any country is adapted to the people of that country. It is not to be expected that any class of preachers will attract to their churches or attach to their ministry any considerable number of hearers, unless, in the style of their discourses, they consult the capacity, the information, and the habits of those whom they address. How far, however, the minister of Christ is at liberty to consult the taste and predilections of his hearers, and how far he is at liberty to consult his own, are questions deeply interesting to the conscience of "the man of God," whose object is to "win souls" by "converting the sinner from the error of his way," and to "build up the believers on their most holy faith."

A certain degree of individuality of character, approaching sometime, or even amounting to originality, may not only be expected but desired among the ministers of the gospel. The mind of every man who thinks deeply, and who thinks vigorously, becomes a kind of mould, which gives its own cast of character to all the materials submitted to its intellectual process. All that the Christian church can desire is, that these processes should be under the controlling guidance of a supreme desire to glorify God and to do good by the simple and energetic announcement and enforcement of "the truth in Christ."

But is there not a nationality as well as an individuality in the preaching of the present day? Is there not a characteristic difference, for example, between the prevailing style and strain of evangelical preaching in Scotland, and the prevailing style and strain of evangelical preaching in England?

In endeavouring to trace the character of that diversity, perhaps it would not be incorrect or inexpedient to hazard the assertion, that the Scottish Pulpit aims, for the most part, at instruction, and that the English Pulpit, aims for the most part, at impression. The preaching in the North is decidedly more intellectual than in the South. There is more of reasoning, there is more of criticism, there is more of systematic theology, there is more of polemical acumen. This may arise, in part, from the greater aptitude of the people to understand, and to appreciate elaborate and argumentative discussions. Education being more generally diffused, and biblical knowledge being conveyed, with catechetical assiduity, to the opening mind, the mass of the people are better prepared than in England for erudite discourses.

But, even when this is conceded, may it not still be asked—Is this the kind of preaching best adapted to the great ends of the Christian ministry? In this method of constructing sermons calculated to be the most efficient? Does it make the nearest approach to the Apostolical model? Has it sufficiently the character of Christian simplicity? Does it consult, as it ought, human nature as a whole? Does it keep in mind sufficiently, that man has a conscience and a heart—that man is not all intellect—that much remains to be done, even after there has been extorted from the understanding a reluctant assent to the truth which has been ably argued out; that the conscience is the most vulnerable part of man's moral nature, and that this should especially be the point of attack? Is not too much of importance often attached to mere argumentation, without any searching or direct appeal to the conscience or the heart? In aiming to be intellectual, are not too many preachers abstruse and metaphysical; and do they not carry with them into the pulpit too many reminiscences of the Logical, and the Ethical classes, in which their intellect had been disciplined, and their mental habits originated during their academic career? Is it not, also, too often forgotten, that the truth which saves the soul comes to us in the simple form of a divine testimony; and that it is to be received in every point, not because we can deduce it from certain first principles and axiomatical truths, by a process of conclusive argumentation, but because it is a part of the record of inspiration, conveyed to us by divine authority, and demanding, in the name of "the faithful and true witness," a submission and cordial reception.

In many of the points to which reference has now been made, it must be acknowledged, that the majority of English preachers are less in need of counsel or caution than the Scottish. In general they appear to be in little danger of being too intellectual, too didactic, or too critical. Perhaps they are more in danger of being too declamatory. A great proportion of their hearers, it is apprehended, are much more eager for impression than instruction. There prevails too great an appetite for excitement. It is not sufficiently kept in mind, that legitimate, and holy, and beneficial excitement, can only be the result of the influence of divine truth operating first on the understanding, and then on the heart, through

the power of the Holy Spirit. It is not sufficiently considered, that a minister may be, in a rhetorical sense, an *impassioned* preacher, or an *imaginative* preacher, and in either case, an *interesting* preacher, without being an *efficient* preacher. He may be to many "as a very lovely song, of one who hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument," while none are compelled by the convictions of the heart, to exclaim, "What must I do to be saved?" or by the compunction of an awakened conscience to offer that prayer of the contrite, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

If the Scottish pulpit might borrow some useful hints from the English with regard to *impression*, the English pulpit might be benefitted by it to an equal extent, as regards *instruction*. Great, indeed, would be the advantages resulting, were the habit of regularly expounding the word of God, in its order and connection, to be more generally prevalent in England. The progress of this habit is perhaps impeded by the idea, that an expository discourse must be, throughout, didactic and critical; and that if an appeal to the conscience, in the way of personal application, be made at all, it can be only in the very conclusion. Why should this be imagined? Why should not frequent and pungent appeals be blended and interwoven with the very substance of a discourse, whatever may be its form or character? Would not a place be conveniently found for this purpose, at least at the close of every division, whether general or more specific; and would not the effect be usually much more powerful, if it seemed to arise naturally out of the very point under consideration, than if reserved for a formal conclusion, when the hearer may put himself into an attitude of defence and resistance, or when, the time being well nigh expended, the attention is relaxed and enfeebled?

It may be not unworthy of remark, that some of the American preachers who have recently visited this country, and who have heard a variety of ministers, on both sides of the Tweed, have expressed it as their decided opinion, that the susceptibilities of the *conscience* have not been duly consulted in the sermons which they have heard. And it appears, from the concurrent testimony of not a few of their number, that where remarkable revivals of religion have taken place in the trans-atlantic churches, the Spirit of God has honored most that style of preaching which has been characterized by powerful and pungent appeals to the consciences of the unconverted, in connection with the enforcement of the *grand truths* of the gospel of Christ, in all simplicity and fidelity. The Spirit of God has been honored by fervent, united, and persevering prayers for his promised influences; and as the desired, the expected, the glorious result, "the word of the Lord has had free course and has been glorified."—*London Congregational Mag.*

From Milner's Church History.

AMBROSE AND THE EMPEROR THEodosius.

Theodosius was of a passionate temper, and on a particular occasion was led by it to commit a barbarous action; the circumstances of the story will be the best comment on the character of this emperor, of Ambrose, and of the times. At Thessalonica a tumult was made by the populace, and the emperor's officer was murdered. The news was calculated to try the temper of Theodosius, who ordered the sword to be let loose upon them. Ambrose interceded, and the emperor promised to forgive. But the great officers of the court persuaded him to retract, and to sign a warrant for military execution. It was executed with great cruelty. Seven thousand were massacred in three hours, without trial, and without distinction.*

Ambrose wrote him a faithful letter, reminding him of the charge in the prophecy, that if the priest does not warn the wicked he shall be answerable for it. "You discover a zeal, says he, for the faith and fear of God, I own: but your temper is warm, soon to be appeased indeed, if indeavours are used to calm it; but if not regulated, it bears down all before it." He urges the example of David, and shows the impropriety of communicating with him at present. "I love you, says he, I cherish you, I pray for you; but blame not me, if I give the preference to God." On these principles Ambrose refused to admit Theodosius into the Church of Milan. The emperor pleaded the case of David. "Imitate him, says the zealous bishop, in his repentance, as well as in his sin." Theodosius submitted, and kept from the church eight months. On the feast of the nativity, he expressed his sorrow with sighs and tears in the presence of Ruffinus, the master of the officers. "I weep said he, that the temple of God, and consequently heaven, is shut from me, which is open to slaves and beggars." Ruffinus undertook to persuade the bishop to admit the emperor!

*About the year 380.

Ambrose urged the impropriety of his rude interference, because Ruffinus, by his evil counsels, had been the author of the massacre. Ruffinus telling him, that the emperor was coming, "I will hinder him, says he, from entering the vestibule; yet if he will play the king, I shall offer him my throat." Ruffinus returning, informed the emperor; "I will go, and receive the refusal which I desire," says he. And as he approached the bishop, he added, I come to offer myself, to submit to what you prescribe. Ambrose enjoined him to do public penance, and to suspend the execution of capital warrants for thirty days in future, in order that the ill effects of intemperate anger might be prevented. The emperor, pulling off his imperial robes, prayed prostrate on the pavement, nor did he put on those robes, till the time of his penance was expired. "My soul cleaveth to the dust, said he, quicken thou me, according to thy word." The people prayed and wept with him, and he not only complied with the rules of penance, but retained visible marks of compunction and sadness during the rest of his life.

Let us make as candid an estimate as we can, of this extraordinary affair, I say, as we can. Moderns hardly can be sufficiently candid; so different are our sentiments and views. It is certain that these rules of humiliation are too severe, too formal, and by no means properly calculated to instruct: the growth also of superstition, and the immoderate exercise of episcopal power, are both strikingly evident. But what then? Was Theodosius a mean, abject prince, and Ambrose a haughty or hypocritical pontiff? Neither the one nor the other is true. The general life of the former evinces him a great and wise prince, who had the true fear of God before his eyes; and the latter thought he did no more than what the office which he bore required; and his affectionate regard for the emperor, and sincere concern for his soul, appear evident. On the whole, the discipline itself thus magnanimously exercised by Ambrose, and humbly submitted to by Theodosius, when stripped of its superstitions and formalities, was salutary. Who does not see, that the contempt of discipline in our days, among the great, has proved extremely pernicious to the interests of practical religion?

From the Connecticut Observer.

LOVE OF ORIGINALITY.

Young persons of a certain temperament are in danger of departing from truth through love of originality. The world bows down before genius, and the young especially worship it with ardent devotion. Originality is thought one of the most striking marks of genius—and originality has little chance to manifest itself in "the old paths." Hence they are tempted to search after what is novel rather than what is true and profitable. In their investigations they are prone to forget the proper end of enquiry, and to leave the right path in search of some occasion to display their originality. If they are so fortunate as to detect a flaw in an argument which is commonly used in support of a particular doctrine or a proof text misapplied, they must, to show their powers of discrimination and their originality, reject the doctrine though it rest on a thousand other solid arguments. Or if in a system of truth they discover one doctrine which is not stated with all due precision, or some fact which is explained in a somewhat unphilosophical mode, they must show the magnitude of the discovery by rejecting or modifying the whole system in which the doctrine is found. The pride of originality makes them uneasy in treading the "old paths" where the way is clearly marked out, and every object minutely described. They would tread in paths where no human footstep is seen—and sail on unknown oceans where no snowy canvass even spread out to the breeze.

The forms of error are endless and ever varying. To the young the shapes which she has assumed in past ages, not unfrequently appear to be new manifestations of truth, who they think is now unveiling to their view beauties on which no mortal eye ever feasted. Or to change the figure—the ways of error are countless in number. Paths which her votaries once thronged, until they were beaten like the high road of truth, have been deserted for others which promise something newer or more alluring to the corrupt heart. The loneliness of a desolate wilderness gathers around them, and overgrown with grass, they present no indications that they were ever visited. Hither the young traveller bends his way, and while treading over the graves of thousands who have perished here in the very same search, and with the very same eager anticipations of fame, he congratulates himself that at length he has found a region fruitful in discoveries, which no man ever passed through and where no man ever dwelt. "But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

INTELLIGENCE.

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION OF JULY, 1830.

As no property had been destroyed, and no industry perceptibly interrupted, the only loss to be deplored on the part of the people was the blood which had been shed in the commotion; and on this subject there has been great exaggeration. Life, indeed, was profusely scattered on the two last days; prodigally thrown away on the part of the people, and mercilessly destroyed by the hands of the guards; but the number of victims has been ridiculously magnified by wondering ignorance or factious prejudice. Accounts have been published, in which more of the troops are slaughtered than came into action, and in which thousands of the people are represented as killed, who have probably swelled the crowds of subsequent riots. When we hear of grape-shot sweeping the streets in an instant, of cart-loads of dead being carried from the field of battle after a discharge, we naturally imagine that the slaughter of forty or fifty hours' fighting must be immense. But this is a wrong view of the case. Except at the Hotel de Ville on Wednesday, and before the colonade of the Louvre on Thursday, the citizens never presented themselves in a compact body before the troops. They fired from windows or corners, from behind pillars or parapets, but never uselessly exposed themselves to the discharges of the guards. On the other hand, the troops on the Tuesday and Thursday suffered little; because, on the former day, the people were not armed, and on the latter the soldiers were protected by the interposition of large spaces between them and their assailants.

When scattered through the streets on Wednesday, their loss was considerable, but it would, perhaps, be overstated at five hundred men killed and wounded. On this subject we have fortunately a statement of fact, on which considerable reliance can be placed, from the pen of Dr. Prosper Mediere, surgeon in the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, who details the history of what passed in that great infirmary and other hospitals, "*pendant et apres les trois grands journées*," with apparent good faith and knowledge. He states, that the number of dead bodies deposited at the Morgue amounted to one hundred and twenty-five; the number interred under the colonade at the Louvre, to eighty-five; the number buried on the other side of the Louvre, at the end of the street Fomenfeau, to twenty-five; in the Marché des Innocens, to seventy; in the vaults of St. Eustache, to forty-three; in the vaults of the Quai de Gevres, to thirty-four; and in the Hotel Larocheouault, to eight: making a total of three hundred and ninety. The number of citizens who were wounded, and brought to the different hospitals, or attended to at their own houses, the doctor estimates, from the best authority, at about two thousand. To these he adds three hundred of wounded soldiers in the military hospitals. Of those who were brought to the hospitals, three hundred and four died in the course of a week. The number of deaths, therefore, amounted to about seven hundred; and the whole number of killed and wounded, to about three thousand, including soldiers as well as citizens. The number of killed and wounded of the guards, gendarmerie, and other troops, exposed during the three days to the attacks of the people, is stated by official accounts at three hundred and seventy-five, of which the killed are about a fifth part, or about seventy-five. Of these, the Swiss composed about a fourth.

GREECE.

Opposition of the Hydriote to Capo d'Istria—Explosion of the frigate Hellas by order of Admiral Miaulis.

A letter from Napoli di Romania, dated Aug. 17, says:—"The Hydriotes have acted against Capo d'Istria, he having given them great offence by selling the Hellas, Greek frigate, lying at Poros harbor, to the Russian government. The moment this report reached Hydra, old Admiral Miaulis proceeded to Poros with 700 men, and boarded the Hellas, which was guarded only by about 8 or 10 Russians, completely rigged her in seven days, with sails bent and ready for sea. He then sent 100 men on board of a corvette, mounting 26 guns, and 100 men each on board two steamers. Capo d'Istria, aware of the determined conduct of the old admiral, with a Russian frigate and two brigs blockaded the port, and prevented the Hellas from putting to sea. The Greek, seeing his plan thus frustrated, sent his crew back to Hydra, and told the Russian admiral that if he attempted to fire at the Hellas, or any other ship in the harbor, he would blow them all up. The Russian admiral treated this as an idle threat, but the next day, while they were at prayers, the Greek corvette blew up, and before the Russian admiral had time to get upon deck, the

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

Hellas shared a similar fate. Admiral Miaulis managed to get back to Hydra, but very nearly lost his life in the attempt. The Russians lost 6 killed, and 23 wounded. Half the town is burnt down, and the harbor is covered with the floating wreck."

Another correspondent states, that old Miaulis was prompted to destroy the Hellas and the other ship, because he had understood that Capo d'Istria intended with the squadron to attack the Greek Islands, to compel the payment of taxes, and to punish by fine, imprisonment, and execution, various persons who were inimical to his despotism. The loss of lives sustained by the Russians was in an action between a fort, which Miaulis had hastily run up, and a Russian sloop-of-war.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The business of the (88th) Conference commenced at Bristol, on Wednesday, July 27, at six o'clock. After filling up the vacancies in the hundred preachers who constitute the legal Conference, as recognized by Mr. Wesley's Deed of Declaration, executed and enrolled in Chancery in 1784, the preachers proceeded to elect their president, secretary, and subordinate officers. On examining the votes, it was found, that besides several small numbers for other preachers, there were, for the Rev. Jacob Stanley, 24; Rev. Jonathan Edmonson, 44; Rev. Richard Trefry (of Leeds,) 30; Rev. George Marsden, 57. Mr. Marsden was accordingly declared to be the president, and it is the second time he has been called to that honourable post; having presided at the Manchester conference in 1821. The Rev. Robert Newton was re-elected secretary, by a great majority; and the Rev. John Anderson, of Leeds, and the Rev. John Hannah, were chosen sub-secretaries. The entire number of preachers present at the conference was about 340, who came from all parts of England, several from Wales and Scotland, and three from Ireland. The usual inquiries having been proposed and answered, it was found that fifty young men had been recommended by their respective district meetings, which number, with seventeen remaining on last year's reserve, make a total of sixty-seven now at the disposal of the conference. Of these, twenty-six are offered for the foreign missions. On account of the depressed state of most of the funds of the connexion, it is supposed that very few additional preachers will be called out this year for the home work. In the course of the last year, twenty-two preachers have died, viz.—In Great Britain, the twelve following: John Porter, William Entwistle, James Bridgeman, Thomas Harrison, Joseph Agar, John Morris, William Williams, Samuel Kellett, John Jenkins, Lewis Jones, John Stamps, William Todd. In Ireland, three, viz.—James Smith, James Stuart, Robert Strong. In the foreign stations, seven have died, viz.—Richard Marshall, James Penman, Wm. Pichott, Robert Snelgrave, William Saxton, Robert Snowball, James Vowles. There were not many cases of delinquency brought this year before the conference; and only one of so serious a nature as to require expulsion. In the foreign missions there has been an increase of 1,477, besides a considerable number lately joined in the South Sea Islands. There appear to be increasing prospects of usefulness in France; in consequence of which, the Missionary Committee intend to commence a subscription towards the erection of a Methodist chapel in Paris.

ENGLISH WARS.

Of 127 years, terminating 1815, England spent sixty-five in war and sixty-two in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising our expenditure in that period twenty-six millions, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick, 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began in 1705, concluded in 1713, and absorbed 625 millions of our money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled for all at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, after costing us fifty-five millions. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, which terminated with the treaty of Paris, in 1763, in the course of which we spent 112 millions. The next was the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years; our national expenditure at this time was 186 millions. The French Revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted nine years, and exhibited an expenditure of 464 million! The war against Buonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During those twelve years we spent 1150 millions! 711 of which were raised by taxes, and 388 by loans. In the Revolutionary war we borrowed 201 millions; in the American 104 millions; in the seven years' war, 60 million; in the Spanish war of 1739, 29 millions; in the war of the Spanish succession, 336 millions; in the war of 1668, 20 millions.—Total borrowed in the seven wars, during 65 years, about 834 millions. In the same time we raised by taxes 1446 millions; thus forming a total expenditure of 2032 millions!!



SELECT POETRY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. AND MRS. FORSTRE.

Who were wrecked in the "Rothsay Castle," Steam-packet.

O for the lovely death of those who found
Their Lord amid the storm! The moon-beams shone
Calm, holy, soft, upon the deep profound,
In that wild tumult tranquilly alone—
And they, confessed by Jesus as his own—
So calm, so holy, on the rude wave rode,
And caught through howling winds the seraph's tone,
Upborne on billows to the sweet abode
That to their closing eye its golden portal showed.
One prayer, one sigh, one was their parting breath—
And when did wreath so beautiful entwine
The brow of wedded love? Divorcing Death,
Even thou wert baffled here; thou wert a shrine
In never-ending bridal to combine
Whom thou alone couldst part. O gentle king!
They saw no terrors in that shaft of thine,
By Jesus' blood dismantled of its sting,
Tipped with celestial gold, and plumed from angel's wing.
Weep on—there is a sunshine in the tear
Rich as the tint of summer's dawning hour;
We know, with knowledge most divinely clear,
That glory hath absorbed them—that the power
Of Deity hath wrought to give a dower
By angels uncomputed, though they long
To fathom its abyss. The shining bower,
The nuptial banquet, the attendant throng,
These, these must be the theme of an immortal song!

INFINITE LOVE.

In life's cloudless morning, when all is serene,
While the sunbeams of pleasure enliven each scene;
Ere the visions of fancy have fled from our view,
Or fortune prove fickle, or friend prove untrue:
How pleasing the thought that each gift from above
Is sent as a foretaste of infinite love!

When the world with its cares has encircled us round,
Like the ark in the flood; or when first we have found
That the pleasures of earth, though in prospect so fair,
Are but beautiful bubbles and lighter than air:
How pleasing the thought that we shortly shall prove
Those joys which are lasting as infinite love!

When the friend, who once to our bosom more dear
Than the life-blood which warmed it, has prov'd insincere;
When the fond hopes we cherished have vanished away,
Like the dew-drops of morn in the sun's fervid ray—
How sweet the reflection that nothing can move
His friendship who saves us through infinite love!

When sorrow and sickness have saddened the soul;
From mortality's shore as the last surges roll—
When nature, still fearful of Jordan's cold stream,
Dreads the hope of futurity proving a dream;—
How soothing to see the compassionate Dove
Descend to assure us of infinite love!

Yes! sweet is the thought, when the cold silent tomb
Shall throw round this body mortality's gloom;
The spirit, on angels' wings carried away,
Shall bask in the sunshine of unclouded day;
And join in the song with blest spirits above,
"To him who redeemed us"—in infinite love!

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

At a Dissenting Chapel in the West of England, the preacher, on ascending the pulpit, stated that many years had elapsed since he was last within its walls. Upon that evening three ill-disposed young men entered with their pockets filled with stones, for the purpose of assaulting the minister, but he was allowed to conclude his discourse without interruption. "Now, mark me, my friends," said the preacher; "of these three young men, one of them was lately executed for forgery; the second now lies under sentence of death for murder; the third (continued the minister, with great emotion)—the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is even now about to address you—listen to him!"—*New North Briton.*

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

¶ This paper will be discontinued, at the close of the present volume, to every person who shall not have paid for the same by the first of January next, and their bills will be sent for prompt payment.

Five dollars, remitted by the first of January next, by those who have not paid for the first volume, will be in full for the first and second volume.

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Funds are much wanted by the Publisher, to conduct the publication of the paper.

Remittances should have been made by many more for books forwarded.

The sums from each are small, but, as the number of persons is considerable, they form a large amount—the receipt of which would impart a renewed impetus to the church publications.—Let each determine to remit forthwith.

There are many brethren who are entitled to the thanks of the Church and the Publisher for their promptness—such shall be known to the church.

¶ Accompanying this number is one of the Lithographic views promised,—the other three will be forwarded, in regular order, to those who have complied with the terms on which they were promised.

¶ If there should be any back numbers of this paper remaining uncalled for in any of the Post Offices, the publisher would feel much obliged if the Post Masters would forward such numbers pr. mail, to him in Baltimore. Moreover, he respectfully requests one of our friends in the vicinity of each Post Office to enquire if there be any such numbers, and to inform the Post Master of the desire of the publisher,—by the receipt of such numbers several volumes might be completed for binding.

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